



VOLUME III.

DANVERS, (Mass.) SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 2d, 1847.

NUMBER 1.

DANVERS COURIER:
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GEO. R. CARLTON, Editor.

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Poetry.

FOR THE COURIER.

PROSE-POETRY.

From the German of Friedrich Richter (Jean Paul.)
OLD MEN.

Beautiful are the long shadows when the evening sun
Lies cool on the earth, for they all point towards the
MORNING.

THE OPEN EYES OF THE DEAD.

Gaze not on me, ye cold, staring, blind eyes! ye are
dead, ye DEATH. Oh friends! shut those eyes it is
only slumber.

REFLECTION OF VESUVIUS IN THE SEA.

"See! under the stern, the light of those red streams,
Which waltz heavily around the Mount of the Deep and
consume its beautiful gardens. Unalarmed we glide over
the cool flames, and our images laugh out of burning bil-
lows!" Thus said the sailor rejoicingly, as he looked up
to the thundering mountain. But I exclaimed: "Be-
hold! thus the Muse reflects in an everlasting mirror the
heavy sorrow of the world, and the unfortunate look in,
and rejoice in the midst of their pain."

THE SUN-FLOWER AND NIGHT-VIOLET.

The full-blown Sun-flower once said: "Apollo shines
and I expand; he walks over the world, and I follow af-
ter him." In the night the Violet said: "Lowly stand I
and hide myself and bloom in the short night; the mild
sister of Phebus smiles on me and I fade away and die
on her breast."

THE BUTTERFLY IN THE CHURCH.

Whether he flutters in the small church or in the all-
abounding Temple,—he worships.

THE WISE MAN.

Who is greater? that wise man who elevates himself
above tumultuous Time and looks down upon it without
mingling therein,—or the wise one, who, from the height
of his tranquility cast himself into the stormy strife of the
world?—It is sublime to see the eagle soar through the
tempests, up into the serene heavens; but it is sublimer
when he, floating above the dense stormy vault, plunges
down into his rocky eyry where his unfledged brood
cower and tremble.

GREECE.

Freedom and the Sun never go down on earth, but are
eternally rising. If you hear that the Sun or Freedom
grow weary, and sleep in the ocean,—look to America
where the sun shines in morning, freshness with Free-
dom at his side.

TYRANNY.

The Tyrant crushes the soul before he injures the body;
I mean, he seeks to make his slaves dumb, before he
makes them poor, because he knows, that when men
have a head, their hands will rule, and thus withstand
the Tyrant. The Hangman blindfolds the malefactor
before he tortures him.

THE FLOWERS AND THE FOLIAGE.

The flowers hung pale and wasted on the stalk, while
yet it was early May, and as they remained feeble and
tender, the Leaves said: "These weak and useless
things! scarcely born, they perish already; while we
sustain firm and unharmed the heat of summer, growing
broader and brighter until at last, after long months of
service, when we have given the earth beautiful fruit we
go to rest arrayed in many colored robes, amid the can-
non-thunder of the storm." And the falling flowers
said: "We are soon withered; we are born before the
fruit."

J. W. H.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Be kind to each other!

The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then, midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness returned!

When day hath departed,
And Memory keeps
Her watch, broken hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps,
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor Envy disprove;
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love.

Nor change with to-morrow
Should Fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Oh, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

When the gloom is deepest round thee,
When the bonds of grief have bound thee;
And in loneliness and sorrow,
By the prisoned springs of life
Thou sittest, yearning for a morrow
That will free thee from all strife;

Look not upwards, for above thee
Neither sun nor star is gleaming;
Look not round for some to love thee;
Put not faith in mortal seeming;
Lightly would they hold and leave thee—
Men and women would deceive thee.

But in the depths of thine own soul
Descend, and mightier powers unroll—
Energies that long have slumbered
In its trackless depths unnumbered.
Speak the word! the power divinest
Will wake, if thou inclinest.

Thou art lord in thine own kingdom;
Rule thyself—thou rulest all!
Smile, when fortune's proud dominion
Roughly touched, shall rudely fall,
Be true unto thyself, and hear not
Evil thoughts, that would enslave thee.
God is in thee! Mortal fear not;
Trust in Him, and he will save thee!

Miscellany.

The Beginning and End of Mrs. Muggeridge's Wedding Dinner.

Mr. Muggeridge is a poor gardener—or rather a poor man and a good gardener—who has always been poor.—Mrs. Muggeridge has lived in wealthy families as a domestic, and has some very vivid notions of high life in general, and of the comforts of good eating in particular. The anniversary of their wedding day is at hand, and Mrs. Muggeridge is anxious to astonish her husband's palate with something a little nicer than it ever knew before. Mary Howitt tells the story, and who can do it better than she does?

"How Muggeridge did enjoy that bit of a neck of pork and apple-sauce last Sunday!" thought Mrs. Muggeridge to herself, as she was pondering during the week on what they should have next Sunday for their wedding-day's dinner; "I never saw him relish anything like that pork; and the pinch of dried sage and the mustard made it as good as goose! I do love to see that man enjoy his dinner! How he would like a hare!"

Mrs. Muggeridge thought of the hare again and again; she thought of the nice middle-cut of the back, and the sauce and the current jelly; and she thought if she could only just for once, see that on her husband's plate, she should be perfectly happy. The idea stuck fast in her brain, she could not get it out again: "There's plenty of winter-savory and lemon-thyme in the garden," thought she, "Muggeridge set that himself when I wanted to make a stuffing for heart;—and current jelly, why one might get a sixpenny pot of that at the confectioner's and what's left will do to give the children after physic, if they should want any. It will be a dear dinner," thought she, "any how; but just for once! At all events I can go and ask the price of the hare—there is no harm in asking."

The poultryers' and games-shops were full of hares, and pheasants and turkeys—there was evidently no lack of such things. Mrs. Muggeridge wanted a hare for as little money as possible. She was in despair when she heard four and sixpence and four shillings asked; she could not afford above two shillings. The people asked her if she supposed they stole their hares to sell them at that price. Mrs. Muggeridge turned round and walked home disconsolately, that hares were not meant for poor folks' eating. When she reached her own door, she became, for the first time, aware that a big lad in leathern leggings and a smock frock, whom she had noticed near the game-dealer's had followed her home.

"Can I say a word to you, missis?" said he. She took him in. He inquired if she wanted a hare; he said he had been selling some in the town, and that if she liked he would bring a good one for two shillings, the price he had heard her offer.

Mrs. Muggeridge was delighted—it was the very thing she wanted, and she felt as if she could not be civil enough to him. The next night after dusk, he brought the hare in a covered basket, and received the stipulated two shillings. Now what a dinner her husband should have on his wedding day! but he should know nothing about it till it was time for him to begin eating. She begged him accordingly, on Sunday morning, to take the children out for a walk, as she meant to cook at home that day, instead of sending to the bake-house; he did so, promising to return punctually at one o'clock.

The hare looked quite grand, twirling by a worsted string behind the little clothes-horse, on which she hung a clean sheet to make a hastener, before the fire; Mrs. Muggeridge was indefatigable in basting it. The savory

odor proceeded forth from the house; the neighbors came to see, and all the morning, but came without catching, first salt, and then a meat-saw, and everybody knew what a dinner the Muggeridges were going to have that day!

The hare was done to a turn as the husband and the children came in with the foaming tankard of ale which they had called for on their way; the sauce was poured into a milk-jug, and the current jelly turned out in a sauce-pan; the potatoes were smoking hot and fit for a lord's table. Muggeridge could hardly believe his senses when he came in, it smelled so excellently, and there seemed such plenty of it! He fed on the children's pinafores, and set them on tall chairs, and sharpened a knife for his wife to carve this unexpected delicacy, and seemed quite delighted with the compliment she had paid their wedding-day.

The middle cut of the back, with plenty of stuffing and gravy and current jelly, was on his plate. "Now taste it, John," said his wife, impatient to see the effect it would produce; "I'd live on bread and water for a week, to see you relish it properly!"

Muggeridge said it was good, very good, but he was not quite sure whether the pork and apple-sauce last week was not as nice. Mrs. Muggeridge was shocked to hear him say so, and to please her he was helped a second time, the children eat the potatoes and gravy and current jelly, as much as they could get, and left the hare, but then children are no judges!

Muggeridge went back on Monday morning to his work; and Mrs. Muggeridge lived contentedly on potatoes and salt in the memory of the sumptuous Sunday's dinner. In the midst of these pleasant reminiscences, what was her surprise and consternation to receive a visit from a constable, who presented a warrant issued by the then sitting magistrates. She must go along with him and answer for the high crime and misdemeanor of having bought a hare from an unlicensed dealer!

Poor Mrs. Muggeridge! at her own kitchen door had opened and swallowed her up, she could not have looked in greater dismay. Before the bench of magistrates she was brought.

How had she become possessed of that hare? From whom had she bought it? Did she not know that she was amenable to the law for buying purchased a hare from an unlicensed dealer?

"Oh Lord, no! how could she think she was doing any harm?" asked she.

"But what business had a person like her with a hare at all? The poor had nothing to do with game of any kind."

"These words put poor Mrs. Muggeridge into a passion; and she said she meant no harm by what she had done—not she, indeed! She meant only to give her husband, who was an honest man, a treat on his wedding-day, and that was the reason she had a hare; and a very good reason too! But, added she, her wrath growing as she spoke, rich ladies who were fond of their husbands, to whom, however, hardly anything was a rarity, might buy just what they liked; and no harm done; but poor folks, who worked hard for every penny they got, could not get any little rarity at a price lower than the rich would give for it, without making criminals of themselves. That was the magistrates' law, she supposed."

The magistrates said that she was a cunning woman.—"The whole bench was against her; they insisted upon knowing from whom she had bought the hare. She did not tell them; for the very best of reasons, because she did not know herself. She told them so, and said: further, that she did not think it was any business of hers to be asking folks' names before she bought anything from them, or to inquire if they were regularly licensed and qualified to sell! No, indeed, that was no business of hers! All she knew was, that she had honestly bought and paid for the hare; and if the law made that a crime, why then the laws wanted mending, that was all she could say!"

Her answer, and the temper in which it was given, did not please the magistrates at all. They said she ought to be sent to prison; but because she and her husband had hitherto born respectable characters, and this first offence, she would merely be fined. The fine and the costs, together, came to five pounds! She stood quite confounded as this sum was named.—Five pounds!

Yes, and she must either pay it or go to jail! She thought of the money which her own husband had robbed them of. She thought of what her husband would say. She groaned aloud, but said not a word, and felt ready to drop.

The magistrates did not seem to consider how next to impossible it must be for a poor woman like her to pay the fine; they waited for her answer however.

"I have some good furniture," at length she said, "a capital chest of drawers, and a good eight-day clock; either of them is worth the money, if your worshipships cannot make it easier for me—for I meant no harm—not the least—and have always borne a good character!—Cannot your worshipships make it easier to me?"

Not the magistrates said they could do nothing of this kind, and that she must think herself very leniently dealt with as it was.

A warrant was therefore issued to seize furniture to the amount of five and costs; and she went home balancing in her mind which she would rather lose, clock or chest of drawers. She decided upon the latter, for said she to herself, John would miss the clock most, and the house would be so lonesome without it. A clock is, as one may say, a sort of live thing that keeps one company.

The men, however, said that the chest of drawers was not enough by itself, nor the clock either, so they must

have them both; and in spite of all the poor woman said so they had. They told her for her consolation, however, that they should be sold, and whatever money was over, it should be sent to her. But no money ever came.

Mrs. Muggeridge sat quite heart-broken in her desolated kitchen; the pride of her eyes was gone. She felt as if she should never take pleasure in anything again—she hated the very idea of hare. She was so very miserable that she could not help scolding the children.

"Whatever will Muggeridge say?"—thought she again and again, and while she was thus thinking the door opened and in he walked. "The news had just reached him," he said, "and his master, who had blamed him for buying a hare under any circumstances, had allowed him to come home and see after things."

It quite overcame poor Mrs. Muggeridge to see that her husband was not angry with her. They sat down by the fire together, each took a child on their knee, and the children were soon fast asleep. There was something very soul-comforting and consolatory in their thus sitting, side by side, in their trouble, without either upbraiding the other.

"I'll tell you what, John, I have positively made up my mind to," began Mrs. Muggeridge, after a long pause; "I'll take again to my dress-making, as you wish, and as I have so long promised—that I will! and I'll never rest till we've got this money, and the other money too, back again! You shall see, John," she said, "that good may come out of evil. I'll begin dress-making to-morrow morning, that I will!"

"Ay, do, my lass," said John, taking her hand kindly; "do, and we shall, may be, be none the poorer in the end by our losses;—and I'll tell you what I will do too—it's what master has wanted me to do a long time—as well as you—I'll grow those flowers for the show; I know I shall succeed if I only begin—for when once I begin in good earnest nobody can beat me."

"Well, now, I am pleased," said poor Mrs. Muggeridge, ready to cry; and I'll tell you what, John, we won't fret ourselves any more about the loss of the money and these things, but we'll set to, and get more; and after this, what we get we shall keep."

They did get more, and they turned it to good account too.

Fifteen years afterwards, the time at which we are writing, the house, which is now their own, and to which considerable additions have been made, looks as bright as ever; and the field at the back of the house, which they have now on lease, and mean to buy, is a large, flourishing nursery-ground and garden; and John Muggeridge and his two sons, the eldest a fine young man, turned twenty, and half a dozen men besides, are busy at work in it; while Mrs. Muggeridge, as buxom and cheerful as when she was young and her three pretty daughters, for which she began dress-making she had lots of children—make the house inside more cheerful even than a summer flower-garden.

A ROBBED SHOT.

In a quiet village, not far from the great and stirring town of Liverpool, there is a small druggist's shop which abuts on the main road; its only occupants were Mr. Mark Melrose and his man Robert. The shop had a dash of splendor in its appearance, and its interior had been fitted with various enrichments, at considerable expense. Late one night, Mr. Melrose, finding himself fatigued, desired his man to shut up the store. The man complied, retired to bed in the attic, and was soon asleep. Mr. Melrose also retired to his chamber shortly afterwards, and was soon at rest. The night was dark and still, and every thing seemed hushed. Long after midnight there began to be strange noises in the house, and a crash, more loud than the others, awoke Mr. Melrose from his sleep. He conceived some burglar had certainly got in, and was at work below. Taking his pistol, which he always kept loaded, he went noiselessly down, and on going through a dark passage in the basement he felt a sudden draft of air, as if some one had rapidly passed him. Alarmed at the occurrence, he pressed, and held his breath; but, recovering himself, he shouted, "Who's there? Speak, or I'll shoot you!" But all was as still as the grave. Bang! A loud scream, succeeded by a heavy fall, told that the shot had been effectual.—Mr. Melrose retired in affright and horror at the dead he had done. The uproar had roused Robert from his sleep, who listened, trembling, in his bed, but did not move.—Astounded by the loud report of the pistol, he jumped out of bed, and throwing open the window, roared, at the top of his voice, "Police! Robbers! Murder!" Mr. Melrose called to his man to come down, as he had shot the robber. Procuring a light, after some delay, his mind greatly distressed at the thought of finding a fellow-creature weltering in his gore, he discovered, to his utter astonishment, that he had shot—the cat!—Liverpool Advertiser.

From the Northern Tribune. MONEY DIGGING IN DRESDEN.

Every body in these diggings has heard about the efforts that were made 40 years ago, and that have been continued at different periods since, by certain persons to obtain the needful by digging for it in a certain spot in the town of Dresden, pointed out by one of those favored individuals who are gifted with the power of looking through a stone. Passing by the place last Saturday in company with one or two others, we paid a visit to the spot, and found that forty years had not dissipated the illusion. Four able bodied young men were engaged in prosecuting the search after the hidden treasure to obtain which thousands of dollars have already been expended. They have commenced operations two or three rods from

where the first excavation was made and have sunk the pit something like 20 feet, and have now commenced mining under the hill, with the intention of timbering it up as they proceed. They had, when we were there, proceeded in a horizontal direction about 8 feet but had not got it so they could place their timbers, and stood, we should think, in some danger of being buried by the bank caving in upon them. Where they were digging was a vein of cable stone which the men supposed had been placed there by those who buried the money, and every one which they found broken gave new strength to their faith.

One hardly knows whether to laugh at or pity the credulity of those who can believe that men would dig 20 feet deep to bury money and cover it with thousands of tons of stone. We came away decidedly of the opinion that there are some fools in the world yet.

GOING TO LAW.

Two Dutchmen, who built and used in common a small bridge over a little stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning certain repairs which were required; one of them objected to paying the expense of two or three new planks. Finally the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and placing ten dollars in his hand, said, "I will give you all the money if you'll make Hans do justice in the bridge."

"How much" will it cost to repair the bridge? asked the honest counsellor of the determined litigant.

"Well, den, not more as five dollar," replied the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the Lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and handing him the other, "take this, and go and get the bribe repaired; it is the best course you can take."

"Yass," said the Dutchman, slowly, "dat ish more better dan to quarrel mit Hans," but as he went along home, he shook his head frequently, as if unable after all, quite clearly to see how he had gained any thing by going to law.

AN AUCTIONEER'S DISMISSION.

The editor of the Cincinnati National gives the following as the manner in which an auctioneer of that city dismissed his customers a few evenings since: "You can now cut off to your peaceful homes, such of you as have any—those who have not will please return to your respective stalls in the market-house, and there consign yourself to the hug of Mr. Morpheus. Visit no coffee-houses on your way, lest afterwards, unwillingly, you make the reeking gutter your nocturnal couch, and there receive the visit of some unworldly swine, the ravenous craving of whose capacious maw shall cause him to insert his unwashed snout into the inner temple of your shirt-bosom! I pray you avoid it. Now get out of this house, every beggar of you or cross dogs and your coat-tails will become intimate acquaintances! Slide!"

A FARMER'S BAROMETER. A writer in the Georgia Farmer gives directions for making a cheap barometer, to aid in foretelling the weather. He takes a stick three feet long and attaches to the but-end of it a phial full of air, of course, and corked tight. The stick is then suspended in a horizontal position on a pivot where it will turn, say on a thread tied near its centre. When the storm is coming on, the air outside is lighter than that in the phial; of course the phial sinks and indicates a change in the atmosphere. Such a barometer may be made in ten minutes, and some of our philosophic farmers will incline to have barometers of their own manufacture.

PRUNING.

This operation is performed by some in winter, by others in May; while a third class of theorists recommend "any time," as the best. By this, we suppose they intend to be understood as saying, that the orchardist, who happens also to be a farmer, should consult his own convenience rather than the laws of nature, and whenever he can find time. But we should recommend the month of May as the most appropriate season for this operation; and in this we are fully warranted by the results of innumerable experiments, initiated both by ourself and others.—Maine Cultivator.

DEATH OF CHILDREN. A writer in an English magazine, speaking of the death of very young children, thus beautifully remarks:

"The sinless soul of the cherub child, that dies on its mother's breast, wings its way to heaven, unconscious of the joys it might have here, as also of the many miseries of which it might be a partaker. This can hardly be called DEATH. It is but the calm, soft ebbing of the gentle tide of life, to flow on no more in the troubled ocean of existence; it is but the removal of a fair creature, too pure for earthly stay," to make one of that bright band of cherubim which encompasses in glory and in joy the throne of the living God."

"But, glorious as may be the change to the little ones, it is hard for the mother to part thus early with her fair-haired tenderness—to break off all the delightful ties of parting tenderness—that had bound her, even in a few months, to that gentle form forever."

The American Tract Society has circulated within a few years more than 100,000 copies of Pilgrim's Progress, and having nearly worn out, a set of stereotype plates, has recast it in large beautiful type, with elegant engravings, stillkeeping the price within the means of all.

Danvers Courier.

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1847.

ADJOURNMENT OF TOWN MEETING.

Our readers will bear in mind that the Annual Town Meeting stands adjourned to April 5th, next Monday—at 1 o'clock P. M., at Village Hall, in the North Parish. There is a large amount of important business which comes before the Town at this meeting, and it is to be hoped that there will be a full attendance. We presume the town will be desirous to continue the policy adopted last year of a rigid economy of expenditure together with a liberal assessment and prompt collection of taxes with a view to the rapid extinguishment of the town debt.

We have before alluded to great success of the Collector in receiving and paying the taxes into the treasury. We understand that up to yesterday he had paid in \$19,905 in cash, and that of his whole list, deducting abatements, there is only \$184.92 due to the town. This promptness is highly creditable both to the Collector and tax-payers and conducive to the prosperity of the financial concerns of the town.

We copy from the list prepared by our indefatigable Town Clerk, the following subjects, which are to be acted upon:—

To choose all such officers as the law requires to be chosen in the month of March or April annually.

To choose one Selectman and Assessor, in North Parish.

To choose one person to serve as Fireward.

To choose a Board of School Committee, and to fill all vacancies there may be at the time of said meeting.

To hear the Report of the School Committee.

To hear the Report of the Firewards.

To hear the Report of the Committee of Finance, who had the following subjects committed to them, viz:

To see if the town will raise any money for the necessary and usual expenses of the town, if so, to determine the sum and when it shall be paid into the treasury.

The following vote was passed at the Meeting, March 1st, 1847: Voted, That a COMMITTEE OF FINANCE consisting of seven persons, be chosen to report to the town, at the adjournment of this meeting, the probable amount of money that may be necessary to raise, to defray the expenses of the Town the present year and that it is the wish of the citizens of the Town, in doing this, that the Committee in making their estimate, have in view the retrenchment of the expenses of the Town.

Committee chosen. (LEWIS ALLEN, Chairman.)

To see what compensation the town will allow their Officers.

To determine the manner of repairing the Highways and Bridges; also, to see if they will raise any money for the same and how it shall be appropriated.

To determine what sum of money shall be appropriated for the support of schools.

To see if the town will authorize the Treasurer to hire money or take any order thereon.

To determine in what manner the town will dispose of the Massachusetts School Fund.

To see if the town will authorize their Surveyors of Highways to collect all such taxes as shall not be paid in labor or otherwise within the time limited by law, agreeable to the 16th Sec. of the 25th Chap. of the Revised Statutes.

To hear the Report of the Committee on the subject contained in the 15th Article of the Warrant, which is in the following words, viz:

"To see if the town will appropriate any money to be expended on the road formerly the Essex Turnpike."

(NATHANIEL POPE, Chairman.)

To hear the Report of the Committee appointed Feb. 24, 1847, to take into consideration the subject relative to the correction and republication of the Map of the Town, who were instructed to make their Report at the next annual meeting.

W. D. NORTHEAD, Chairman.)

To hear the Report of the Committee appointed to consider the subjects of drawing orders, and of keeping the books of accounts, &c.

(FRANCIS BAKER, Chairman.)

THE RAIL ROADS.

The action of the Legislative Committees on Railroads seem still to excite much attention, and as two of the Committees have completed their hearing of evidence, public curiosity is increased to know the results to which they have arrived.

With regard to the batch of Railroads which most interest the people of Middlesex and Essex, particularly the inhabitants of Danvers, we are still in the dark.—The Committee have the whole matter before them and a Report may be expected in all next week. It is quite impossible to predict with any certainty the character of the Report, but we cannot but feel, after the accumulated mass of testimony laid before the Committee, showing the wants and great business of this town require better Railroad facilities with Boston, that they will see the propriety of recommending to the Legislature the granting of a charter for a Railroad which will afford the accommodations required.

The Maiden Road holds the first place in the wishes of the people here, and for the third time its claims have been urged with great vigor and ability and backed with ample evidence of its feasibility, and an unprecedented number of petitioners. On Monday and Tuesday last, Hon. RUFUS CHOATE advocated its claims before the Committee in an argument, said by those who were so fortunate as to hear it, to be even superior in brilliancy and power to that presented by him the last year. We hope it has had the effect to carry conviction to the minds of the Committee.

On Thursday afternoon, Mr. Hopkinson, of Lowell, made his argument before the same Committee, in favor of the 'Jacques' petition, which is a rival route to Lowell from South Reading, in opposition to that advocated by Mr. Livingston. If the Committee, like its predecessors who have acted on the Maiden petitions, should see cause to refuse the application for that route, we have still hope that the claims of Danvers for better Railroad accommodation will not be wholly disregarded.

ABSTRACT OF AGRICULTURAL RETURNS.—We are indebted to the Secretary of the Commonwealth for a copy of his Abstracts from the Returns of Agricultural Societies in Massachusetts for 1846. The Abstract has been made up on substantially the same principles as that for 1845, omitting the Addresses, and adding the list of Officers. The Secretary acknowledges the valuable aid of Hon. Allen W. Dodge, of Hamilton, in the preparation of this very useful work.

We are indebted to E. W. UPTON, Esq., for State Documents.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

Agreeably to notice, this friends of Temperance assembled in Convention, at the Court house in Ipswich, on Wednesday 31st inst. for the purpose of nominating a Temperance Board of County Commissioners. The meeting was organized by the choice of Wm. S. NEWHALL, Esq., of Saugus, Pres't. David S. Page, of Methuen, Vice Pres't, and Joseph B. Bragdon, Secretary.

A committee of 3 were chosen to examine the credentials, who reported that there were present, from 15 towns, 40 delegates.

A committee consisting of one from each town, was chosen to prepare a list of candidates for Commissioners. The committee reported a list of 9 for the consideration of the Convention.

Voted—That the requisite number be selected from the list, by marking against their names, those having the highest number of marks to be considered as chosen.

The convention then proceeded to mark, which resulted in the choice of

For Commissioners.

ASA W. WILDES, of Newburyport,
BENJ. F. NEWHALL, of Saugus,
JOHN I. BAKER, of Beverly,

For Special Commissioners.

DAN WEED, Jr. of Ipswich,
ALFRED KITTREDGE, of Haverhill.

Voted—That the Convention be dissolved.

WM. S. NEWHALL, Chairman.

JOSEPH H. BRAGDON, Secretary.

Railroad Arrangement for the Summer.—It will be seen by the advertisement in another column, that by the Summer arrangement on the Essex Railroad, the first train which leaves Danvers for Salem, in the morning, is at 7 1-4 o'clock, and the last train, which leaves Salem for Danvers in the evening is 7 1-4 o'clock, consequently persons wishing to take the first morning train to Boston, will be obliged to walk down, as well as those persons (of which there is a considerable number), who reside in Danvers, but whose place of business is in Salem, who would not be able to reach Salem until late in the morning. So likewise those who return from Boston by the last train of cars, would be obliged to walk from Salem to Danvers. Our object in noticing this arrangement is to inquire of the Master of Transportation, as we have been requested to do by some 10 or 12 individuals, whether these inconveniences cannot be remedied without much extra trouble or expense to the company?

We are requested to state that JOSEPH POOR, Jr., Esq. declines being considered a candidate for re-election to the Board of School Committee.

It will be seen among the doings of the Legislature a proposition has been submitted by our Representative, HENRY FOWLER, Esq., to allow towns to vote in different Wards. We think this plan, if it should meet the approbation of the Legislature would be found very convenient in many towns, which like our own, are divided into several parishes, some of which are 2 or 3 miles from the usual places of holding the meetings of the town.

The Communication of "A." will appear in our next number.

A native of the town of Essex informs us that the almshouse in that place contains but five paupers, the youngest of which is upwards of sixty years old.—The population of Essex, we believe, is about 1500.

FIRE.—We understand the alarm of fire on Friday morning, about 3 o'clock, was occasioned by the burning of the shop of E. B. Arnold, in Boston street, Salem. The fire was confined principally to the interior of the building and the damage to the stock and building is estimated to be about \$1000. The fire is said to have originated from a stove used in the building.

Some sheep belonging to Mr. Levi Martin, of Bingham, Me., were taken out of a snow drift a few days since, having been buried up eighty-two days.—Two of them have recovered, and are doing well.

The widow of the late Mormon prophet, Joe Smith, has returned to the city of Nauvoo, and has taken the hotel known as the Mansion House.

The amount of fines and costs paid by violators of the license law, at the Court of Common Pleas in Franklin County, Ma., last week, was over \$1100.

In Maine, the license law requires a written order for liquor, from a physician.

Rev. J. L. Stevens, of Beverly, Mass., has received and accepted an invitation to take the pastoral charge of the Universalist Society in Exeter, New Hampshire.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Express says Mr. Polk has appointed an overseer of his slave plantation in Tennessee, to high office in the army.

The Legislature of Illinois has made an appropriation of \$6,000, for an institution for insane of that State; brought about by the philanthropic Miss Dix.

HEAT WITHOUT FUEL.—A Hungarian chemist has discovered the method of producing heat without fuel.—He places in contact two iron plates and a copper cylinder, highly polished, turning on an axis at the end of a lever, with a balance weight at the end, to keep the plates in contact, when by means of a very simple apparatus and trifling exertion, a glowing red heat may be produced in five minutes, and maintained with ease.

Drop-newspapers are three cents postage. Drop-letters are but two cents. Therefore, if you wish to send a newspaper to a friend in the city through the Post Office, enclose it in a letter and you save a cent! All Hall Cane Johnson!—[Chronotype.]

The Warren Bank has declared a semi-dividend of 3 per cent.

PLEASANT BED-FELLOWS.—A person writing from Camp Watson, near Tampico, says:—
"I am collecting a number of scorpions, centipedes and tarantulas, (some of the latter are nearly as large as young colts,) which I intend sending to you as curiosities the first opportunity. How would you like to find, on going to bed, a couple of good-sized scorpions snugly stowed between your blankets? I assure you it is no unusual occurrence."

Correspondence of the Courier.

Keene, N. H., March 29. 1857.

We arrived at the beautiful town, on Saturday night, after a fatiguing ride in the coach from Fitchburg, of nine hours, a distance of only 36 miles, having in the previous two and a half hours travelled 59 miles by Railroad. This is a fine illustration of the benefits to a traveller, of Railroad facilities. The roads in this section of the country are in a wretched condition, and as we had a driving storm of mingled snow and rain, our condition was not one to be envied by those who were comfortably seated by their firesides at home. Although we were shut out from a view of much of the country through which we travelled, there was enough in our immediate track to attract our attention, and relieve in some measure the tedium of our confinement in the coach. The rain which came down so freely the preceding 24 hours, had melted the snow, and the rivers were swelled and overflowing and came dashing down the declivities in gushing torrents. Sometimes the water fell down the precipitous heights in cascades, the spray spreading itself like a fan in feathery whiteness, and then came the noisy rapids, the water tumbling, roaring and foaming until it disappeared in some gorge of the hills.

Our vehicle was filled to its utmost capacity, and two or three unfortunate wights were obliged to encounter the storm on the seat with the driver. This important character was our St. Nicholas, in the disguise of a bluff, gigantic individual, somewhere between 6 and 9 feet high, and broad in proportion. He looked as grave as a judge, and dignified as an ecclesiastic. He was altogether too noble looking for a stage driver, and his figure would add grace and dignity to any deliberative assembly in the country. Among our passengers was a very sociable individual who beguiled our time by giving the company an account of his travels and adventures. He was apparently about 30 years of age, but had been everywhere, seen everybody, knew everybody and was ready to discuss all sorts of topics. He informed us that he was of Scottish descent. He wore a Scotch tartan plaid about his waist, and sometimes picturesquely thrown over his shoulder. He had been at least three times in every State in the Union, except Texas, where he had been twice. He had been among the Rancheros in Mexico, the slaves of the South and the freed blacks in Canada. He had assisted in taking whales at the extremity of Cape Cod, sharks in the Gulf of Mexico, and salmon-trout in Lake Superior. He knew the personal history and characters of prominent individuals in Boston, and New Orleans. He had seen Capt. Cassius M. Clay drill his famous company of Cavalry, and imitated his appearance and manner. He was equally acquainted with Gen. Taylor and knew his personal history. He was perfectly at home on every subject and was ready to discuss Slavery, Politics or Temperance.—Whether his little audience swallowed all his statements I am not able to answer but for one. If they did not, they were too wise to allow it, as such incredulity might have deprived them of a very entertaining pastime. Our traveller was really quite intelligent, and had picked up a great deal of information in his travels.—He had doubtless travelled a great deal as he would bear without flinching any kind of cross questioning and come out with flying colors. He is probably a travelling agent whose business it is to collect old and doubtful debts in all parts of the country, and thus has had an opportunity to gain much general information. As to many of his personal adventures, if his accounts of them are not true he evidently thinks they are, he has told them so many times and a little embellishment at each recital makes an originally small matter, swell to one of great consequence.

At frequent intervals on our route we obtained views of the excavations and embankments of the Cheshire Railroad, which is to pass through Keene, connecting Boston and Fitchburg with Vermont. This is a great undertaking being scarcely less difficult than the grading of our Western Railroad, and the bridges, culverts &c. are to be of the same massive and permanent character as those on that famous thoroughfare. There must be an immense business on the Cheshire Road, as we infer from the great present travel and transportation over the route, and from the fact that it will be fed by the business of two Vermont roads which connect with it at the Connecticut River. Although the stock of this road is now depressed below par, I know of no enterprise of the kind which promises better returns to its stockholders when it shall go into operation. We arrived at Keene at half past 7 o'clock, and our gigantic driver brought the coach up at the front of the Cheshire House, where the door was opened by another and a bigger giant, and here we separated from our travelling companions.

Keene, as I said before is a beautiful town, delightfully situated on a plain surrounded by distant hills. It is very substantially built, most of the dwellings as well as stores being of brick. The central part, with its blocks of large stores, its churches and public houses, presents quite a city-like appearance and shows signs of enterprise and active business. The courts are held here in a court house, not very inviting in its external appearance, but the business there transacted and at the different County Offices, brings in a large portion of country trade. I was struck with the air of comfort as well as of good taste which appears in the style and situation of the dwellings in this place. Every proprietor seems desirous of having ample room about his house, and the town does not present that crowded and huddled mass of buildings which may be seen almost every where else in towns of the size of Keene. The Society here is good, in the best sense of the word, without that excess of refinement which is more calculated to annoy than to please.

During our very brief stay in this place I attended at the Congregational and Unitarian churches which were well filled and in the evening went to a Temperance meeting in the Town Hall, which is under the court room, in the court house. It is a low and ill lighted room, and I was pleased to see that a Notice was in the Warrant for a town meeting, to consider the expediency of building a new Town House. Such a structure could be built here at small cost and would add much to the convenience of the inhabitants, as well as be an ornament to the place. Judging from the public spirit of the people here, as manifested in other cases I think that this design will soon be accomplished. There is an incorporated Academy here, which is in a flourishing condition. It is kept in a stately brick building, near the public square. Keene is honored as the residence of some of the most distinguished characters of the Granite State. Chief Justice Parker, Gen. Wilson, Dr. Twitchell the eminent Physician and Surgeon, and Hon. John Prentiss, so long the able Editor of the Keene Sentinel, are among the prominent men who make their home in Keene. I had the gratification of seeing the venerable gentleman last named at the temperance meeting before alluded to, and heard him make a few remarks

on this subject, in which it appears he takes much interest, as he does in everything conducive to the welfare of the place. It is only a few days since, that he made the liberal donation of a School Library to each of the 14 School Districts in the town. These books were the volumes published under the direction of the Massachusetts Board of Education. This venerable father in the Editorial profession, bears some resemblance in personal appearance, to John Quincy Adams, and is apparently about the same age.

The Railroad will pass through the central part of the town, and it will be necessary to remove the building occupied by the Cheshire Bank, near which will be the Depot. At one time it was apprehended that the Depot would be placed at an inconvenient distance from the centre, much to the prejudice of the principal holders of real estate. Immediately upon this being known a generous subscription was raised and the Depot restored to its proper situation for the accommodation of the greatest number of the inhabitants and their business. The people anticipate great benefits from the expected Railroad facilities, and no doubt its growth, which is now rapid, will then be greatly accelerated. It is now about seven years since my last visit to Keene, and I find improvements have gone on in that interval which are hardly noticed by a constant resident. Large unbroken fields have been cut up by wide and handsome streets, on which new and beautiful houses have been erected, and many vacant lots on the older streets have been occupied. May its prosperity be continued and be equal to its enterprise and public spirit.

Yours, &c.,

FOR THE COURIER.

Mr. Editor—I was glad to see the suggestions in your last paper, as to the propriety of appropriating such a sum for the support of our public school, as will enable us to retain our teachers through the year; and this without the necessity of calling for a contribution from those who are anxious to have good schools. I am not in favor of paying extravagant salaries, but there should be enough appropriated by the town to pay such sum as is proper to be paid. Suppose \$8,50 to be allowed for each scholar—this will give in our District about \$900. Allow the male teacher \$500—one of the females \$200, and the other \$150—and then you will have \$50, for wood and other incidental expenses. How can we get along with a less sum? There are other districts that need this amount quite as much as we do. I hope they will look to it.

ONE IN NO. ELEVEN.

FOR THE COURIER.

Mr. Editor—Allow me to congratulate your correspondent (who has volunteered his services in behalf of Mr. Hudson) on the manifest improvement in his style, as evinced by his article in your last paper. He now writes like us common folks, and gives us a plain, straight-forward chain of good, clear sentences. If he continues to improve as much, in all respects, during every fortnight of his life, as he has during the two weeks that have intervened between his two articles, he will certainly draw very near perfection, if he does not actually reach it.

He labors under the erroneous supposition that I am offended with him, and that I have been prompted by ill-humor in what I have written. Pshaw! the young man must be joking. Or is he really in earnest? Perhaps he means exactly what he says. This, however, would not be singular,—for the young and ardent-spirited are apt to think the aged and experienced are in ill-humor, when they offer their well-meant advice, or venture to correct their mistakes, even though they do this never so gently. Refractory archers are excessively prone to imagine that their parents, guardians or instructors are *wroth* when they are doing all in their power to guide their inexperienced footsteps in the way that is proper. Now an aged gentleman, like myself, feels not a little anxiety when he sees the ingenuous, upright and unsuspecting youth, like your correspondent, led into error by lecturers who are such thorough anti-formers that they openly advocate the dangerous practice of drinking "a little wine for the stomach's sake." I would say to your correspondent, who is evidently a pure-minded, intelligent and amiable young man,—beware how thou yieldest to the pernicious counsel of such advisers.

I hope your correspondent will dismiss from his thoughts the idea that I feel offended. It was probably his inexperience and his non-acquaintance with the rhetorical hyperboles of earnest, vigorous writing, that led him to entertain such a notion. He must "live and learn," which he will do, no doubt, as he is apparently a person of a good intellect, having a playful fancy, and a ready command of language, and is, on the whole, quite promising. Let him be assured that I feel an affectionate interest in his welfare, and shall look with fatherly solicitude upon his progressive career.

He is, of course, aware that it is just exactly as far from his house to mine as from mine to his. I wrote a brief notice of the lecturer of Mr. Hudson, which, having once been publicly delivered, became *public property*. Your correspondent stepped forth and (before I had said a word in relation to him) intimated that I must be "shallow" to draw such a conclusion as I did from the passages which I cited from Shakespeare's works.

Surely, then, he will not complain, if, in the exercise of an equal right with himself, indulge in a little good-natured raillery at his expense. As far as the public may be concerned, we are anonymous, and the articles we have exchanged are to be regarded as the vehicles of our interchange of opinion, with the wheels greased, and the passengers cracking a few jokes to enliven the journey. For the people along the road, who listen as we pass, we are *incognito*.

And Mr. Correspondent, I rather guess we've rode about enough. So you get down out of your sulkey, and I will step out from my gig—we will shake hands, and (meanwhile our opinions of Shakespeare continuing unchanged) we will unite in applauding the sentiment of the ploughman-bard of Scotia:

"Here's a health to all who can read,
Here's a health to all who may write;
There are none ever feared that the truth should be heard,
But they whom the truth would indict."

VERITAS.

MARRIAGE IN NEW YORK.—The New York Tribune thinks there is probably no place on this continent where persons wishing to get married may be done with greater expedition, or at a cheaper rate, than in that city. A Baptist clergyman, a few days since, had a call for his professional assistance in this line. The juvenile applicants were soon made one flesh by the declaration of the parson, according to Scripture, when the groom, with a satisfied air, told his reverence he would call in a day or two and settle. Now our minister was not one of the green ones, and having been gammoned in this way be-

fore, determined not to let off the happy pair so easily, so he told the swain he would have his certificate read when he called; hereupon the newly married, putting his hand in his breeches-pocket, exclaimed: "I guess I guess as well pay now," so the certificate was filled to a single and handed over, and he received in exchange a parcel wrapped carefully in a piece of paper, which examination after they had retired was found to contain the monstrous sum of four cents.

Massachusetts Legislature.

Correspondence of the Salem Register.

An annual appropriation of \$2,500 is proposed to the Banks in the detection of counterfeiters, provided a sum be raised for that purpose by the Association of Banks established for that end.

A revision of the salaries of Registers of Probate is reported, fixing that of Essex at \$1,350, instead of \$1,200, as at present.

The Eastern Railroad ask liberty to take stock in the Chelsea Branch Railroad.

Several petitions have recently been presented to the various Railroad projects in your vicinity, and Daniel C. Baker and others, of Lynn, remonstrated against the Danvers and Malden Railroad. This was done on Thursday evening—after which, all parties present of one of the recherche suppers of Mr. Coburn, of the Eastern Exchange, which was relished with none less zest, even by the most scrupulous friends of the projects, on account of its being furnished by the Eastern Railroad. Supper concluded, the company were bidden to Salem, in an extra train, where they arrived about 10 o'clock, all parties being in the best possible humor. Mr. Fowler, of Danvers proposes to authorize towns to vote in separate wards.

There are bills reported to incorporate Health Insurance Companies at Beverly, Lowell, Boston and Worcester, upon principles like those of Odd Fellowship, so far as the benefits are concerned, guaranteeing to each insured person a certain stipend per week, in case of sickness upon the payment of a moderate sum. A similar Institution now exists in Connecticut—of which Amos H. Brooks, Esq., is Agent in your vicinity—and is said to be quite flourishing. Similar Institutions are said to exist in England.

A bill has been reported to establish a lien for mechanics on buildings and land, to exist for thirty days after the close of contract. Also, an act to incorporate the town of Lawrence.

The act further regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors, has been indefinitely postponed in the Senate, on motion of Mr. Coudry. Many prominent friends of Temperance advocated this, or at least a postponement to the next General Court, to await the effect of the decision of the Supreme Court, upon existing laws.

The amendment of the Constitution, altering the day of election, passed its second stage by 110 to 44, after opposition from Mr. Kimball, of Wrentham, and the Amherst College grant was under debate when the House adjourned.

On Tuesday afternoon, Hon. Rufus Choate concluded his argument for the Danvers and Malden Railroad; and but for the choice made by Mr. Choate, of speaking in a contracted and closely packed room, where he might feel sure of the uninterrupted attention of the committee, rather than (as was expected) in the hall of the House, where that attention might be diverted somewhat, than the crowd that came from your vicinity and elsewhere, came in purposely to hear that argument, might not have gone away so much disappointed, and your readers might not have gone away so much disappointed, and your readers might possibly have been furnished with some sketch of his remarks. As it was, however, sufficient could be heard to determine that he was making one of his strongest efforts, more compact than usual, and occupied much more with the particulars of this case than his speech of last year.

The Jacques route comes next for hearing, and then comes the decision, probably in all next week, upon all the various Railroad projects in your vicinity.

The "air line" hearings are at last concluded, and the decision of this committee is anxiously looked for.

The House, having reached about 650 numbers in the orders of the day, commenced their sessions on Thursday at 10 o'clock; and the committee report that the public business will admit of adjournment on the 20th of April, which event will probably be nearer the 27th.

The Resolve appropriating \$5,000 per annum for five years, from the land fund, to Amherst College, which a few days since slipped through the usual debateable stage "just as easy," met with opposition upon its next appearance, but finally passed by 138 to 44. The negatives from Essex County were Messrs. Osgood of Amesbury, Dalton of Salem, and Chadwell and Washburn of Lynn.

Among others who advocated this grant were four of the graduates of Amherst College, all lawyers, and four of the ablest young men in the House, viz: Otis P. Lord, Esq., of Salem, whom your readers need not be informed always commands the attention of the House; Ensign H. Kellogg, Esq., of Pittsfield, a sound man and experienced legislator, who stands quite high at the bar of Berkshire County, where he is very popular, and who also numbers warm friends in all other parts of the State; Henry Morris, Esq., of Springfield, one of the most true-hearted and clear-headed men here, inheriting the sterling qualities of his father, Hon. O. B. Morris, Judge of Probate for that County, and one of the best men in the State; Col. A. H. Bulloch, the youngest of the four, comes next, being about 30 years of age. He is a native of Royalton, Mass., son of late Hon. Rufus Bulloch, of that town, formerly an efficient member of the State Senate, and may be descended from Henry Bulloch, who died in Salem, in 1657. Col. Bulloch, as many of your readers will know, is a most effective speaker, as well as a most graceful and popular orator.

Another graduate of that college is Hon. J. C. Perkins, of the Senate, who was chairman of the select committee in this case, and author of the report, which meets with the warmest encomiums.

The coincidental number of Amherst College seems to be five, as that is just the number of its graduates here, and as it began as a literary institution twenty-five years since, was chartered in eighteen hundred and twenty-five, has five times been refused aid by the State, in intervals averaging about five years each. The State, also, chooses five of the Trustees, and has now granted five thousand dollars per year for five years.

"Sammy, Sammy, my son! don't stand there scratching your head—stir your stumps or you will make no progress in life." "Why, father, I've often heard you say the only way to get on in the world was a scrubby head."

